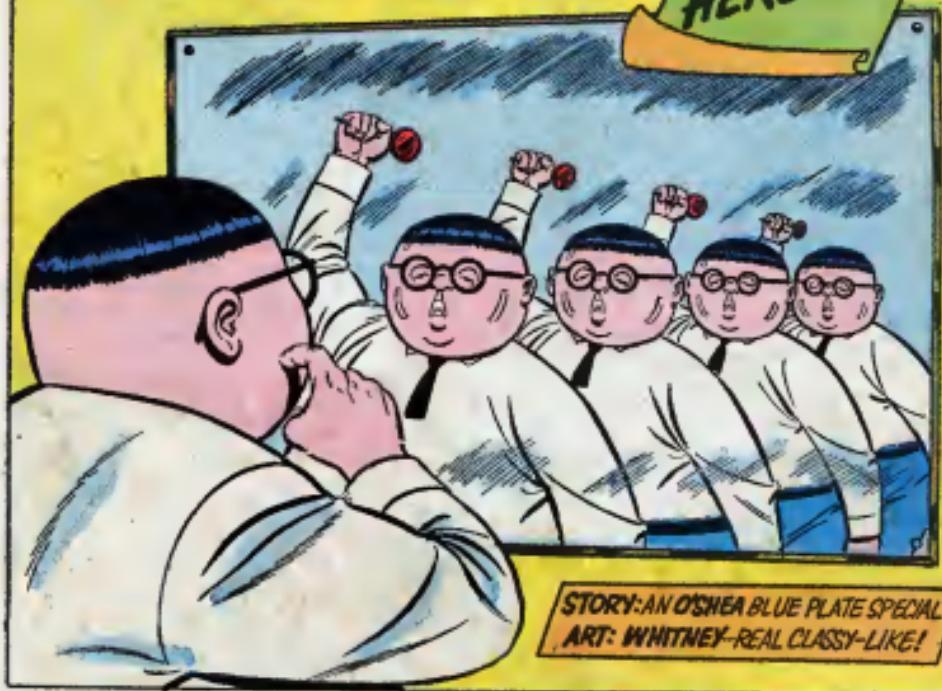


READ EVERY WORD OF THIS STORY, READER. STUDY EVERY PICTURE. BETTER NOT FAIL TO LAUGH, EITHER. MISS UP ON ONE THING AND YOU'LL GET YOUR HEAD HANDED TO YOU ON A PLATTER. YOU SEE, THERE'S A VERY SPECIAL STORY HEADED YOUR WAY AND THIS IS IT. GOT A REAL FAT TITLE, TOO—

HERBIE

in "LOOKIT all the HERBIES!"



STORY: AN O'SHEA BLUE PLATE SPECIAL
ART: WHITNEY—REAL CLASSY-LIKE!

A COMMITTEE OF CITIZENS WAS VISITING THE NEW PENITENTIARY, JUST ESTABLISHED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

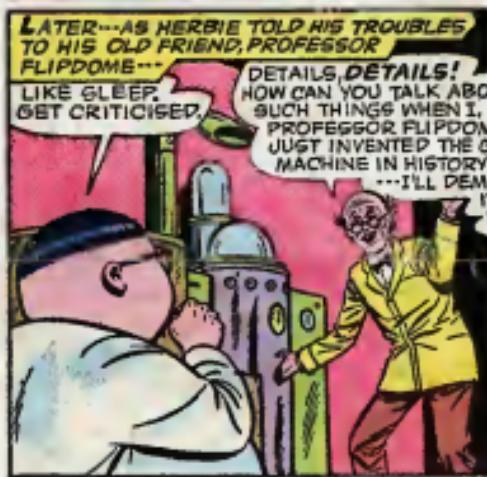
AS YOU CAN SEE, EVERYTHING'S MODERN---AND ESCAPE-PROOF!



AND THESE CELLS... YOU CAN'T GET IN OR OUT WITHOUT A KEY! THERE'S NOBODY IN THIS ONE---



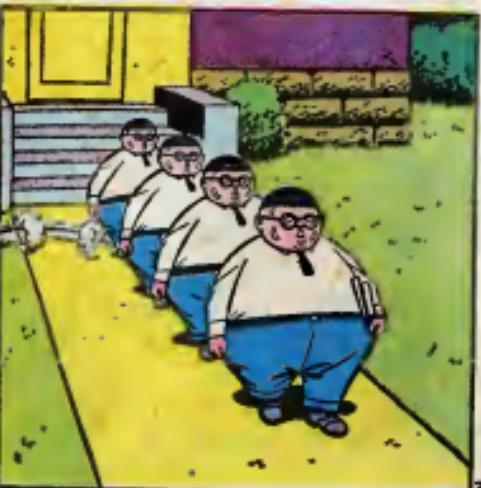
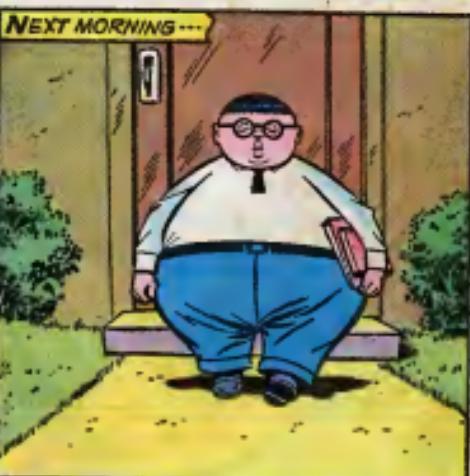
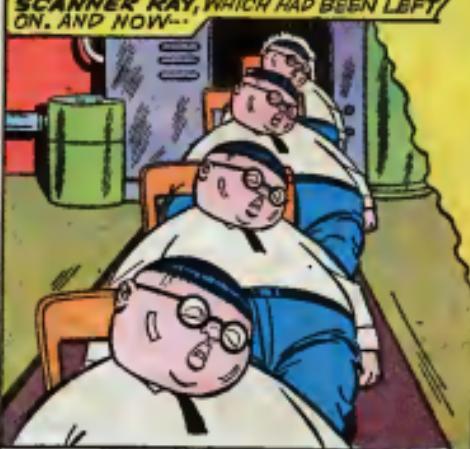
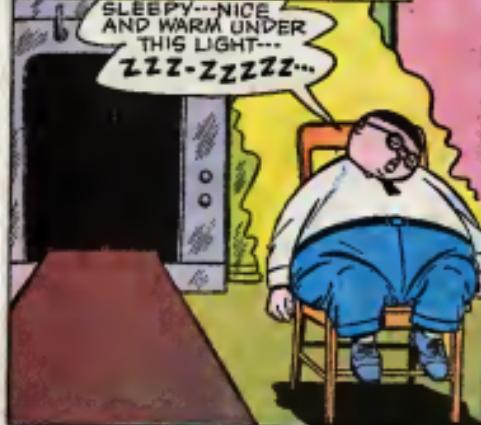
HERBIE, published monthly February, March, August, September. Published bi-monthly April-May, June-July, Oct.-Nov., Dec.-Jan. © 1965 by Best Syndicated Features, Inc., Second & Dickay Streets, Sparta, Illinois. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Editorial offices: 323 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor; Frederick H. Igner, Features Manager. Subscription \$1.00 annual. \$1.44, single copies. 25.12, foreign postage extra. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, Inc., 323 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Application for Second Class entry pending at the Post Office at Sparta, Ill. Printed in U.S.A. No. 7, Apr-May, 1965.



THE PROFESSOR'S LABORATORY WAS A FINE PLACE TO CATCH 40 WINKS...

SLEEPY--NICE AND WARM UNDER THIS LIGHT...
ZZZ-ZZZZZ...

"THIS LIGHT"--IT WAS THE MACHINE'S SCANNER RAY, WHICH HAD BEEN LEFT ON, AND NOW...



MEANWHILE, AT SCHOOL--



BOPYOUWITHTHISHERELOLLIPOP
---BOPYOUWITHTHISHERELOLLIPOP
---BOPYOUWITH---

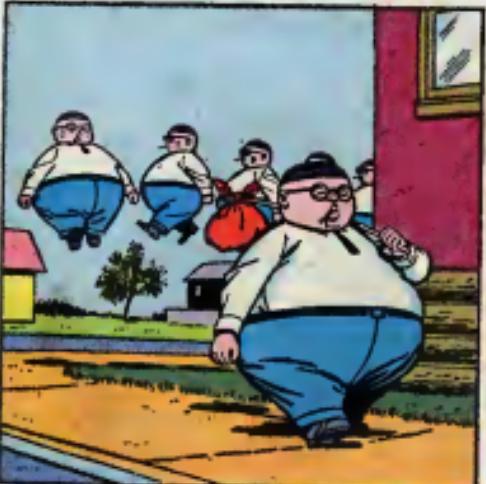
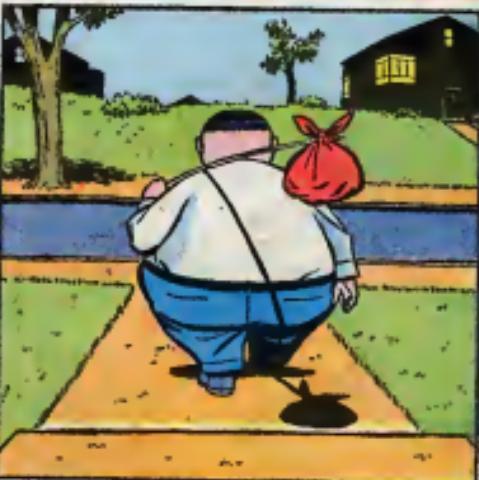


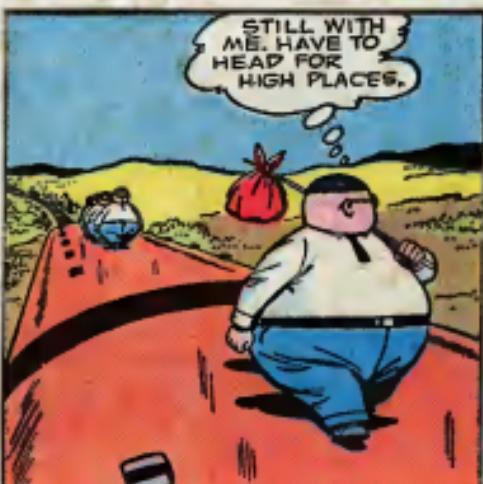
EVEN IN THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE...

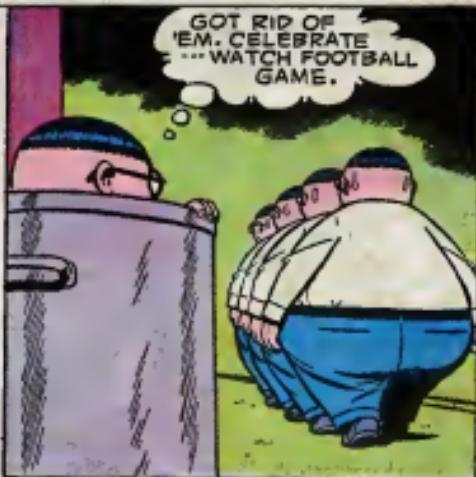


OUTSIDE, THE MAYOR WAS
DEDICATING A STATUE...











(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

MEANWHILE --- HERBIE WAS LISTENING TO A NEWS FLASH ON HIS TRANSISTOR RADIO ---

FLASH!

GOT TO GET THERE FAST...

ESCAPED PRISONERS FROM THE NEW PENITENTIARY HAVE GEIZED ALL RESIDENTS OF POPNECKERVILLE AS HOSTAGES AND ARE HOLDING THE TOWN!



BACK IN POPNECKERVILLE, THE ESCAPED PRISONERS WERE BEING LED BY SWAMI O'TOOLE ...

RELAX --- THEY

WE CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER, SWAMI --- NOT WITH EVERYONE KNOWIN' WHERE WE ARE!



WON'T DARE COME IN AFTER US AS LONG AS WE'VE GOT ALL THESE HOSTAGES. BUT DON'T WORRY ... I'LL LOOK INTO MY CRYSTAL BALL TO SEE IF ANY DANGERS COMIN' OUR WAY!

WELL I'LL BE ...! WHAT'S THAT?



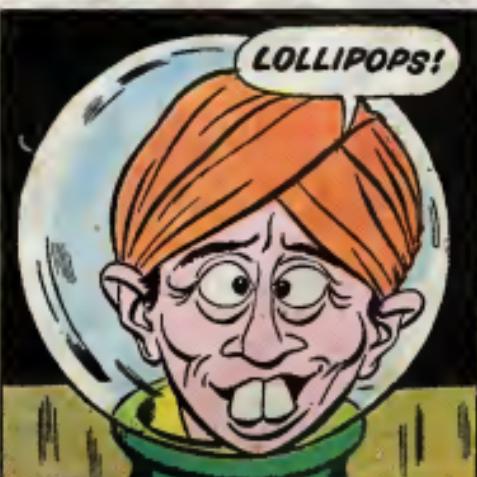
THAT'S HERBIE, YOU DOPE!

WHAT'S A HERBIE?

BETTER YOU SHOULD NEVER FIND OUT!

AT LEAST TELL ME HIS WEAK POINT O SPIRIT OF THE CRYSTAL!

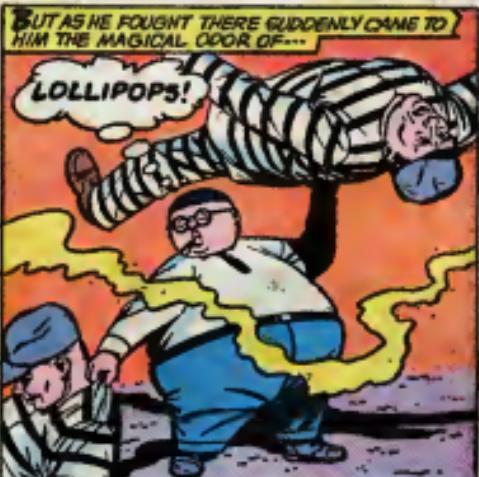
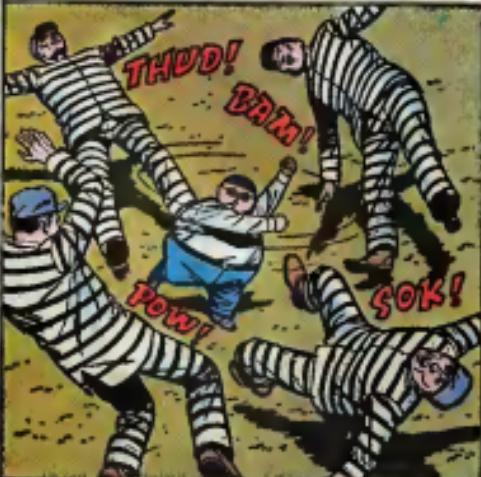
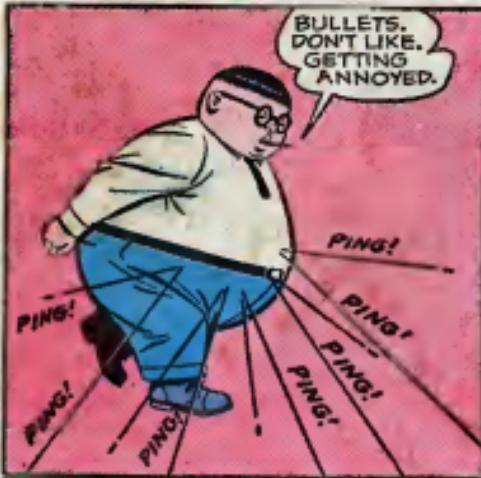
LOLLIPOPS!



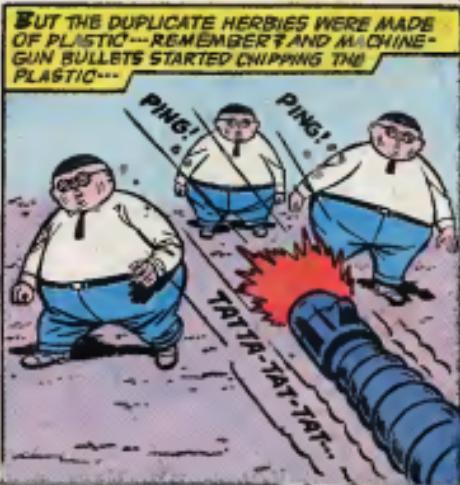
OKAY---I'LL SET A TRAP!
I WANT YOU GUYS TO
BRING IN EVERY LOLLIPOP
IN TOWN, SEE? THEN WE MELT
'EM DOWN AND ---BZZZZZ...

OKAY,
BOSS!

THEY WERE READY FOR HERBIE WHEN
HE APPEARED...







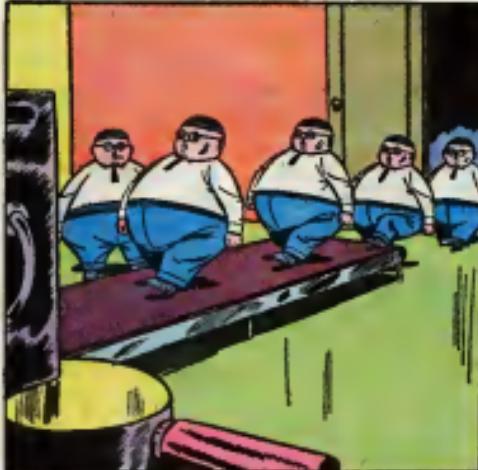
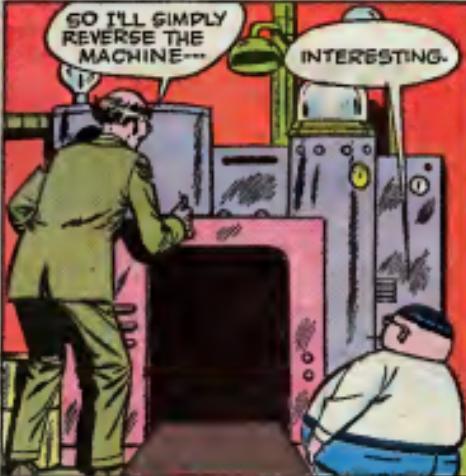
MEANWHILE---LOOK WHO'S BACK. IT'S
PROFESSOR FLIPDOME!

HONEST, I
DON'T KNOW
WHERE THEY
CAME FROM.

I DO! IT'S NOT
GOOD FOR THESE
CREATIONS TO RUN
AROUND AT LARGE
---NO TELLING
WHEN THEY
MAY ACT
UP!

SO I'LL SIMPLY
REVERSE THE
MACHINE---

INTERESTING.



LATER...

I'M SO GLAD
TO BE SAFE
THAT I FORGIVE
YOU FOR RUNNING
AWAY, HERBIE!

ALL I CAN SAY
IS THAT IT'S LUCKY
THERE AREN'T
ANYMORE
LIKE YOU!

WAS IT MY IMAGINATION,
OR DID HE SAY SOME-
THING UNDER HIS
BREATH AS HE
WALKED OUT?

YES, IT
SOUNDED
LIKE "IT'S LUCKY
THERE WERE"
---WHATEVER
THAT
MEANS!





HERE'S HERBIE!



Brought you another issue. "Herbie" No. 9, April-May. Might as well come right out and tell you—not a good issue. Only great. Stupendous. Stories like "Lookit All The Herbies". Get to see not one, but lots of Herbies. You done anything to deserve such luck? Then you get even luckier, with "Only Robin Hood Can Help You, Herbie". As if I needed help. But you'll have colossal time reading both stories—you'd better, if you value your health. And if you do, you'll write me letter right away, telling me how you love these stories. Address it to "Herbie", 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Give you a chance now to read what smart characters are saying.

"Dear Herbie:

I have read 'Herbie' Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, as well as say other story about you I could honestly lay my hands on. In my unasked-for opinion, you are not fat, just pleasingly plump. So keep on bringing us such amazing, stupendous, colossal, fascinating, astounding and downright wonderful stories. Why don't they make a movie about such a handsome guy?

—Bill Andrews,

522 Fifth St., Shelbyville, Indiana."

Got good taste in reading, Bill. What's this jazz about not being fat? Fat, fat, water rat. Fattest hero you ever met and don't forget it. Could go into movies, but don't want Gregory Peck and Rock Hudson to starve.

"Dear Herbie:

Wow! I just read my first copy of your magazine. We don't get very many comics out here because we are in the country—my first issue was No. 5. My mother is crazy over you, too—the second she started reading, she pulled out some money and ordered me to get a two-year subscription. I'd love to meet you because I'm always going to read your magazine. Also, I'm fat, strong as an ox and wear glasses and am crazy over lollipops. Well, got to go now...my mom wants me to put away the ten dozen lollipops I just bought.

—Michele Hasler,

9975 Wheatland, Sunland, Calif."

No time to waste talking, Michele. Send me those ten dozen lollipops right away and I'll vote you Reader of Month.

"Dear Editor:

Thank you for putting out a magazine as good as 'Herbie'. We are just crazy about him! We like his uncanny power of communication with animals and the spirit world and his power of levitation. And as my son would say, I like his taste in lollipops! How did you ever think of putting a fat boy like him into a magazine?

—Connie Bonnell,

El Monte, California."

(Editor's Note: Had to creep in quietly to answer your letter, Mrs. Bonnell. Herbie doesn't like having me around—can't stand Editors. It wasn't my idea putting him into a magazine. It was his own. But you just don't say no to Herbie. What teeth I've got I value!)

"Dear Herbie:

I love your new magazine—it's my number one comics book. I like it so much I don't dare miss a copy. But I did miss 'Herbie' No. 1, so I hate myself. And I'd hate myself even more if I missed another copy. So would you please tell me and your other readers if and how we could get 'Herbie' in the mail?

—Steven Coets,

89 West Hookston Road,

Pleasant Hill, California."

Okay, tell you...listen carefully. Send \$1.44 to me and get a 12-issue subscription. That way, get to read all "Herbie" stories. Lucky you.

"Dear Herbie:

"Be ye ever so chubby, there's no one like you, Herbie!"—so says our fan club's motto.

—B. Sager, President,

10 Old Lancaster Rd., Metion, Penn."

You're right. Say—how do I get to join your "Herbie" Fan Club?

"Dear Herbie:-

Hi! I want to say *Hi* to the best bopper in comics. Because when I say *Hi*, you know I'm friendly and you won't bop a friend who says *Hi* friendly! Gee, Herbie, you have everybody up here in Canada stunned by your fantastic bopping powers. Keep it up—if I ever need any enemies or monsters bopped, I'll send for you. Okay?

—Rick Goldrich,

Borden, Prince Edward Isle, Canada." Okay.

"Fatso Herbie:-

I do not like the way you treat your admirers. You walk all over them when they like you. I dare you to come to my house and fight it out, you fat blob.

—David Smith,

104-20 34th Ave., Corona 68, N. Y."

With me, walking over admirers is sign of love. Gladly walk over you, David. Love you because you say nice things like "Fatso", "Fat Blob". Start calling me skinny, come to your house pronto. Have little things like doctors, nurses, splints ready. You'll need them.

"Dear Editor:-

I was sick of all the super-hero jazz! I wanted humor and the comics that called themselves funny were so childish I wouldn't be caught buying them. The only comic I bought was *'Forbidden Worlds'*. And in it, I happened on the story *'Herbie Goes To The Devil'*. After that, I bought everything that featured *'Herbie'* and started following him in his own book. Why? Because he was so funny! But everyone found that nut, and every time I went down to the store to buy my copy, I found that all of the *Herbies* had disappeared! When I went to Honolulu, I managed to get two *'Herbie'* issues and read them about eight times each. Then I got a great idea. Now I wait for *'Herbie'* to come in, and buy my copy before they even go out on the shelf! Keep *'Herbie'* the name great magazine it's always been!

—Lance Kindsham,

1347 Rossmoyne, Glendale 7, Calif."

(Editor's Note: Sneaked in fast to answer your letter, Lance. Funny, you saying you like *"Herbie"* because you were sick of all the super-heroes. In a way, you've got to realize, Herbie is the superest hero of them all, and can lick the daylights out of them all together! And so funny that they laugh even without teeth!)

"Dear Herbie:-

I think your magazine is great. Simply the best ever written, that's all. *'Big Fat Mess At The Okay Corral'* was terrific. My friends agree with me, all except Danley Merrick. He thinks it's lousy. Would you please bop him with your lollipop for me? Faithful, loyal and happy *'Herbie'* fann-

—Jack Snow & Patrick Beglin,

R. E. I., Chester, Vermont."

Dooley Merrick, hub? Thinks story lousy? Tch, tcb. Be sure to visit him. Bring flowers.

"Dear Herbie:-

I have just finished reading the September issue of your magazine, which I think is wonderful! Some friends and I have started a *Herbie Fan Club*, because we think you're the greatest. You, Herbie, are the Honorary President. I am vice-president. One of the boys in the club painted an oil sketch of you and we framed it and hung it up. In the September issue, Fred Landesman said that he is forming a *Herbie Fan Club*, and you told him that the honor for forming the first one goes to the *Herbie Popnecker Fan Club* of Rutgers University. I don't care about being the first—just having the honor of being in a club like this. In closing, I'd like to say congratulations to a great magazine—*'Herbie'*!

—Pierce A. Pilloe,

Rt. 2, Box 825, Orange, Texas."

Oil painting of me, hub? Must be handsome!

"Dear Herbie:-

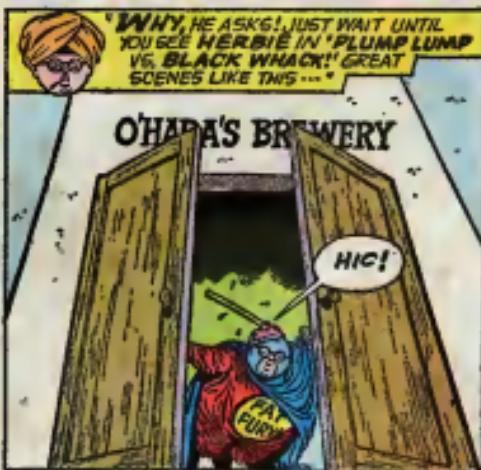
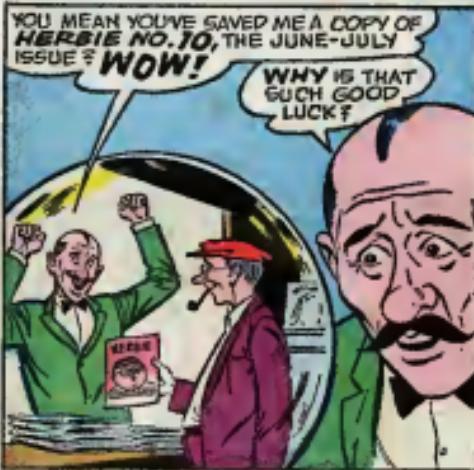
I like your magazine very much. Bug in the September issue, in *'Big Fat Mess At The Okay Corral'*, you show Dr. Meringue pointing out *'Goliath's Sling'*. But Goliath didn't have the sling—David did! Otherwise you have the best comics book in the world. Keep it up!

—Steve Schmidt,

Box 311, Meridian, Texas."

Said that, did it? Goes to show you...was tired and popped out for lollipop, left things to Editor. Never leave things to Editor...makes mistakes all over place. Fix him proper...few broken bones and contusions and he'll know difference between David and Goliath in future. Thanks, Steve...

LOOK INTO THE FUTURE!



THE PLUMP LUMP IS IN A REAL FIX THIS TIME. BIG FAT PROBLEM. SO DON'T YOU GET IN THE WAY. JUST STAND ASIDE AND HOWL AS YOU WATCH HIM SOLVE IT IN THE TITTER-TALE CALLED--

"ONLY ROBIN HOOD CAN HELP *you*, HERBIE!"

GREAT PLOT, by SHANE O'SHEA
COOL ART, by OSDEN WHITNEY



YOU OUGHT TO
LET UP ON
HERBIE, DAD.
LET'S FACE
IT—HE'S
JUST NOT
AN ATHLETE.

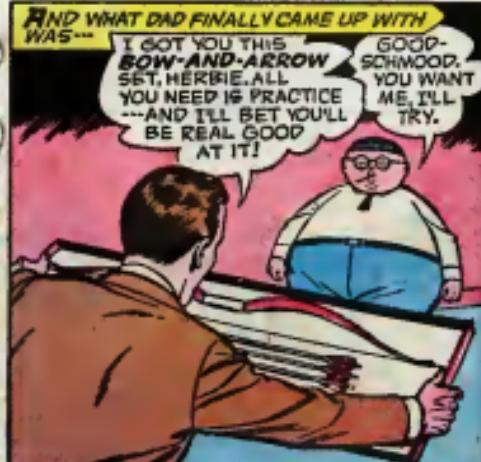
I KNOW IT-- BUT DO
YOU BLAME ME FOR
WANTING TO BE PROUD
OF MY SON? GOLDURN
IT, THERE MUST BE
SOMETHING THAT
DOESN'T REQUIRE
ACTION—SOMETHING
HE CAN BE
GOOD AT--



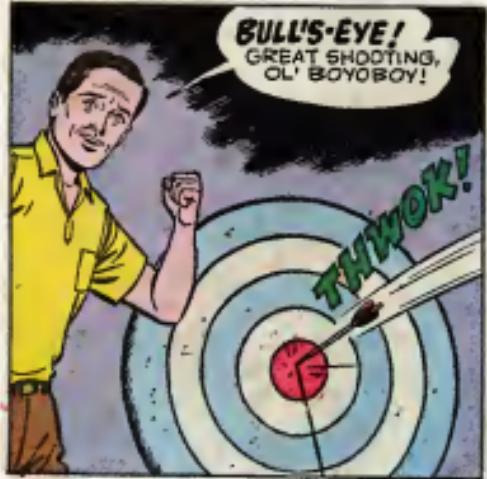
AND WHAT DAD FINALLY CAME UP WITH
WAS--

I GOT YOU THIS
BOW-AND-ARROW
SET, HERBIE. ALL
YOU NEED IS PRACTICE
---AND I'LL BET YOU'LL
BE REAL GOOD
AT IT!

GOOD-
SCHMOOD.
YOU WANT
ME I'LL
TRY.







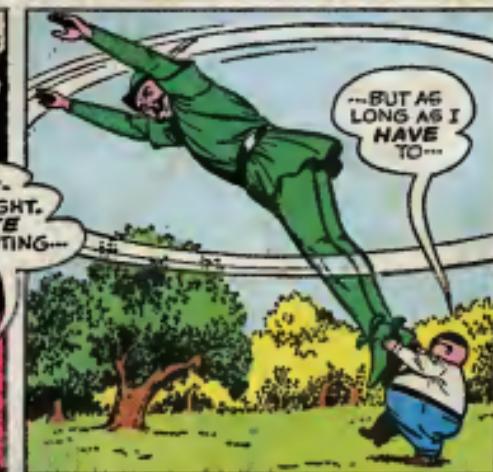
THAT'S RIGHT---I HAVEN'T SEEN MY SON ROBIN IN YEARS AND I WANT TO SURPRISE HIM! DON'T TELL HIM WHY---BUT IF YOU COULD JUST GET HIM TO COME TO THE GLADE NEAR THE EDGE OF THE FOREST...ALONE...

SURE, ALWAYS GLAD TO REUNITE FATHER AND SON. SENTIMENTAL.

BUT FIRST HE HAD TO FIND ROBIN...

GREAT SEEING YOU, HERBIE! NOW IF YOU WANT ROBIN HOOD, YOU HEAD STRAIGHT DOWN THIS WAY, SEE...

THANKS. REGARDS TO FAMILY.



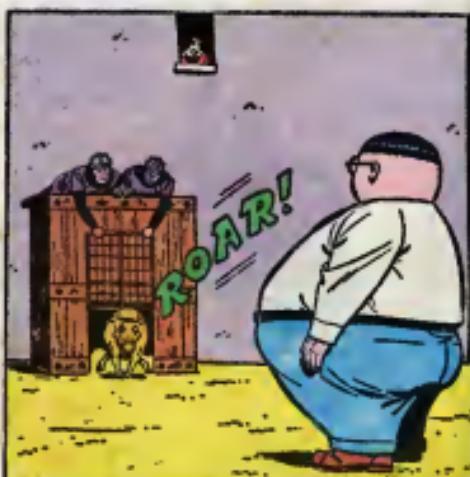




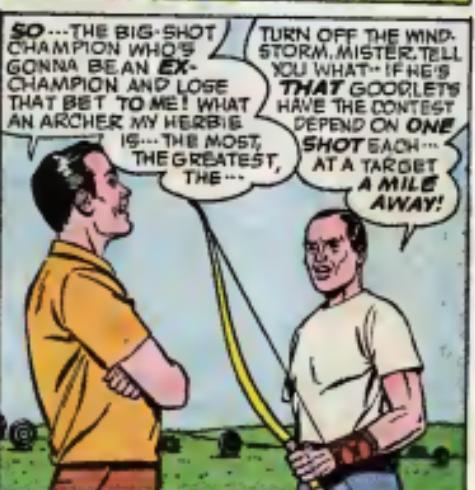
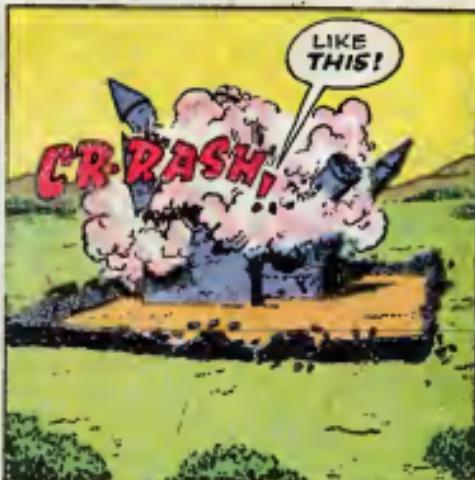


THANKS, FELLAS,
GOT RID OF KINK
I HAD IN MY
NECK.

WE'LL HAVE TO TRY
SOMETHING ELSE!
I'VE GOT IT...THAT
FIERCE WILD
BOAR WE
CAPTURED!







AND SO IT WAS AGREED.
IT WAS THE CHAMPION'S
TURN FIRST--

IT'S A FULL MILE...
YOU'VE GOT TO BE
A CHAMP TO EVEN
COME NEAR THE
TARGET!

HIT IT!
NOBODY CAN
MATCH THAT--
GO AHEAD
AND TRY!

THWOK!

GOTTA GET THIS
ARROW DRAWN BACK.
UGH---OOF...



The END!

NELLIE NO-DATE

DAILY STAR

SECRETARY
WANTED ... TO
YOUNG SCIENTIST,
APPLY AIG MAIN
STREET.

IT MUST BE
A WONDERFUL
JOB... I'LL APPLY.
AT LEAST, IT'S
WORKING FOR
A MAN!

I KNOW THE HOURS ARE LONG AND
THE PAY IS LOW--THAT'S WHY
I CAN'T GET ANYBODY AND I'M
DESPERATE! I'LL DO ANYTHING
IF YOU'LL ONLY TAKE THE
JOB!

HMMMM...
LOOK, MY
SORORITY IS
HAVING A
DANCE--AND
VERY FRANKLY, I'M
HAVING DATE
TROUBLE!

SO MY PROPOSITION IS THIS
---YOU BE MY DATE FOR THE
OCCASION AND I'LL COME TO
WORK FOR YOU. WHAT DO
YOU SAY?

:GULP!: --D-DONE!

YOU SAY
THIS NEW
BOSS OF
YOURS IS
WORKING
ON AN
INVISIBILITY
RAY? NELLIE
MUST BE ONE
OF THOSE
CRAZY OLD
PROPS, HUM?

WRONG! NOT
ONLY IS HE THE
HANDSOMEST,
MOST BEAUTIFUL,
MOST GORGEOUS
HUNK OF MAN
GOING, BUT
YOU'RE GOING
TO SEE HIM! HE'S
GOING TO BE MY
DATE AT OUR
SORORITY
DANCE!

...AND I WISH TO STATE
THAT MY INVISIBILITY RAY
MACHINE IS NOW COMPLETED
AND AWAITING
TRY-OUT!

HE'S GOING
TO KNOCK
EVERYONE'S EYE
OUT AT THE DANCE
...MY DATE!



THE AFTERNOON OF THE DANCE...

THERE SHE IS, READY TO ROLL!
CAN YOU PICTURE THE EFFECTS
IF THIS RAY WERE TURNED ON
---NO, NELLIE! DON'T
THROW THE SWITCH!

BLAM!



AND THEN... THE DANCE...

I TOLD YOU
NOT TO THROW
THAT SWITCH!



NO 9
APRIL-MAY
IND.



MAKE WAY FOR
the FAT FURY....

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

12¢

HERBIE



This WAY for LAFFS!
"LOOKIT all the HERBIES!"
ONLY ROBIN HOOD
can HELP YOU, HERBIE!

